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vanished from London, and all other epidemics seem to have become less malignant in this country, owing most probably to the different and improved habits of society—superior cleanliness in dress and person—the freer admission of air into the streets and houses—greater attention to the poor, in times of scarcity—the more abundant use of fresh vegetable food, and other antiseptic diet—and, it is added (what will be gratifying to many), the universal use of tea. Closer investigation, and the increased experience of medical practice, have ascertained that the Plague is not, as was supposed, *highly infectious*. It commonly arises from some contagious matter, which may by prudence be guarded against; sometimes, miasmata in the air, which with proper care may be checked or dissipated; or some deleterious matter conveyed in various substances, against which precautions can also be employed. Contact, or confinement in a close room, with the sick, seems to be the principal means of communicating the infection; while proper attention to the separation of the healthy from the diseased, has been found successful in preventing it. Of late, too, the Plague, though always dangerous, has frequently been conquered by medical treatment. There is reason to hope, therefore, that the advanced state of science, and the general improvements of society, will now guard these kingdoms against its ravages; and that the diffusion of knowledge and civilization over the world may reduce it every where within the limits of ordinary distempers.

W.

ON A FLOWER, PLANTED ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

I was a wild, yet tender thing,
In childhood's early day:
I loved the free-bird's merry wing,
The gentle tears of infant Spring,
And the soft smiles of May—
I loved our cottage in the glen:
'Tis ruin'd now—'twas smiling then:

No matter—once there was a flower,
My mother gave to me;
'Twas planted on my natal hour,
And was, of all our summer-bower,
The favourite of the bee:
My mother oft in sport would say,
"You're children of the self-same day!"

I loved it well—it was, in faith,
A pretty little flower!
I loved to shield its summer-wreath
From the cold north-wind's wintry breath,
And the approaching shower:
Blooming beneath a sunny sky,
I never dreamt to see it die.

At last, methought its roseate hue
Waned fainter every morrow;
I saw it fade—the morning dew
Fell cheerily, but the floweret grew
Into a thing of sorrow!
I mark'd it, till by slow decay
Its blooming spirit pass'd away!

Its spirit pass'd—I wept the fate
Of my poor garden-brother!
It was so beautiful a mate,
That when it left me desolate,
I might not find another
To rival that departed one—
My heart was with it—it was gone!

'Tis strange! full many a day has pass'd
Since that ill-fated flower,
Baring its bosom to the blast,
Sicken'd, and sigh'd, and sunk at last,
Within its native bower.
'Tis strange—and yet I know not why—
It seem'd to point my destiny!

I've mark'd it well—each morn has led
To some new-cherish'd treasure—
Some bud of hope, that flower'd, and fled,
Or ere the evening sky was red,
With all its promis'd pleasure;
And left the wretched heart in pain,
To seek, and be deceiv'd again!

And this is life—and this is love—
And this is beauty's power!—
And thus must fame and fortune prove,
False things! that teach the heart to rove,
Then vanish in an hour!—
Our earliest tear, and latest sigh,
Spring from one sad fatality.

K—Y.